

A Letter to Dad

I have wanted to tell you
That I didn't suffer.

I was cut from the car by a giant helicopter saw
And walked away with only two broken ribs.

But those lights that flashed
Like a sudden crack of summer lightning,

They still pervade every darkness I swim through
And throw me into kaleidoscope dreams

Of your arms thrown around me
In different colored designs.

How was it that suddenly the wind
Carried you away, like a kite, to the clouds

Where you breathed in deep and smelled
The rain that now slips through my fingers

Like the old baseball games at Wrigley
Where we would share cokes and hotdogs

And sit in fields of historic peanut shells, cheering.
The last of your sweet breaths

Was filled with puddles of hot blood
Streaming from the gashes in your head

Cut by the sharp swords of the shattered windshield.
And I watched, screaming, as the door catapulted

Your muscular chest cavity into the steering wheel,
While your insides and crimson blood pummeled the dashboard,

Splattering its repression like a Beckman pre-war painting
On my yellow and white Sunday school dress.

But I didn't suffer.
Until now, when I can admit

I have lost the sense
Of sensing anything at all.

-Erin Kelly